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G. LEWIS, Proprietor

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Dancing every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday to Washington's Snappiest Jazz Music, furnished by the Famous "Strickland's Syncopating Serenaders." Ladies, 25c; Gentlemen, 55c; tax paid.

Jim—How do you like her?

Jam—Well, I find it hard to look at her face.

Jim—Why, I understand she is very good-looking.

Jam—I won't argue with you there; but when she sits down she takes such queer postures that my eyes are directed elsewhere than her face—*Panther.*

G W U

He—Say, how can you get a contact on this phone without dropping in a coin?

Telephone Official—What fraternity house do you live in?

G W U

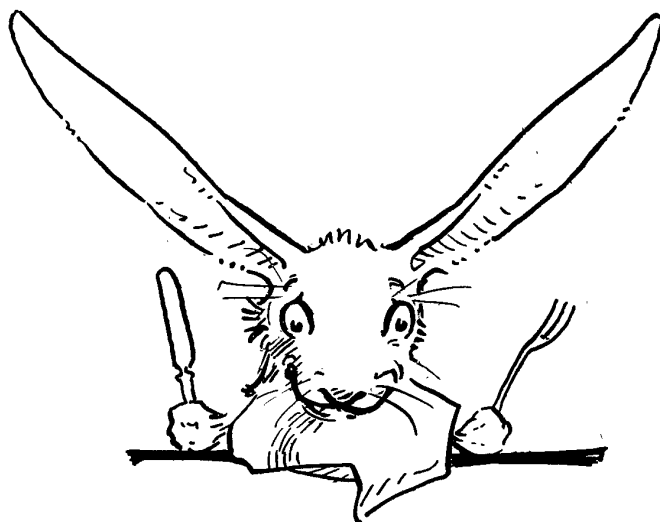
I asked her if she rolled them,
She said she'd never tried.
Just then a mouse ran swiftly by
And now I know she lied.

— *Sun Dodger.*

G W U

He—My, but you toddle well.

She—Yes; I learned when I was a baby.—
Punch Bowl.



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G. W. U. Students*

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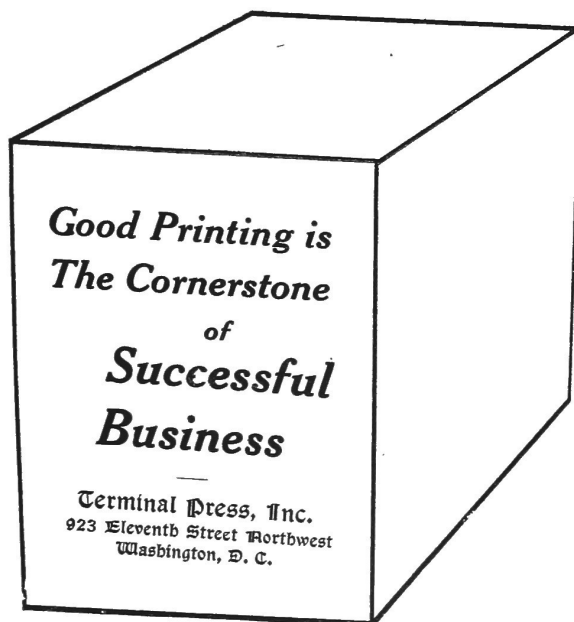
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I stood by the railroad station
Just watching the trains go by;
As the train pulled in with an awful din
A man with a twinkling eye
Stepped off and gave me a suitcase.
He winked and got on agin.
When the train pulled out I opened it—
Behold, it was filled with gin!

Now I stand on the railroad platform
Morning, noon, and night.
I see them come—God knows where from
I guess I'm a sad, sad sight.
People get off and get on again;
They don't even hand me their hat,
For only once in a man's whole life
Do things come as easy as that.

G W U

"Is he a straight sophomore?"

"Oh, he's a sophomore all right. I don't know anything about his reputation, though."—*Orange Peel.*

G W U

"None of your lip!" seldom applies to a pretty woman. That kind of lip is usually in pressing demand.





SIX SEMESTER HOURS



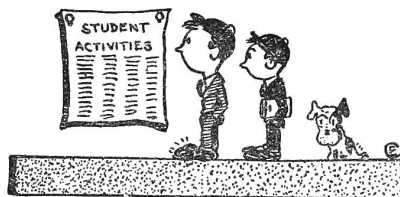
Published by the Students of George Washington University

Vol. Two; No. 1

October, 1921

Twenty-five Cents

THE GHOST now makes its appearance as a permanent fixture of the University. Eight issues will be published during the year. An efficient staff has been selected, and from the way the material has been coming in it looks as if THE GHOST will soon take its proper place among the publications of other schools. It is the intention of the present staff to build up as good a publication as possible and also to train those interested so that in the future the work may be carried on by experienced men.



MANY positions are open in all Student Activities. The freshmen should bear this in mind and should take advantage of the opportunity. Each freshman should select at least one activity and should devote a part of his time thereto. By so doing he will not only help himself, but he will also help to build up a greater spirit in the school.

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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager, all literary communications should be sent to the Editor in Chief, and all drawings should be submitted to the Art Editor.



He's No Lyre!

She—This Italian coin smells just like garlic.
He—Yes, my dear; most Latin quarters do!

G W U

Mother (looking up from sewing)—Father, I'm greatly worried about John. I'm afraid something terrible has happened to him at college and that he has married without telling us about it.

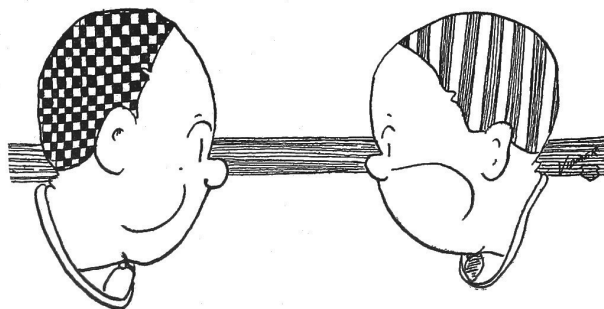
Father—What makes you think so?

Mother—Well, I was passing his room this morning and he was talking in his sleep and I heard him say, "Come to papa," and "Baby needs a pair of new shoes," and "Be sweet to your daddy," and "O Phoebe." He also said something about railroad trains or railroad tracks and box cars. I'm sure it was terrible, because he cried in his anguish, "Read 'em and weep."

CURRENT FICTION

"Excuse me!"
"I beg your pardon!"
"Be sure to come and see me sometime."
"Won't you come in awhile?"
"I've had a perfectly lovely time."
"Oh! I've heard so much about you and have been wild to meet you!"
"She's the most wonderful girl in the world."
"I'll pay you this tomorrow!"
"It isn't the money; it's the principle of the thing!"
"Best looking girl I've ever seen."
"I think you have wonderful-looking eyes!"
"I'd rather walk than ride anyway."
"Oh, it's no trouble at all!"
"I just killed my last quart."
"You don't say so?"
"You are the first girl I ever really loved."
"This is the first time I ever smoked."
"I think your fraternity gives the best dances in school."
"I know where you can get it for eight a quart."
"You're the first man I ever kissed."

G W U



Gee! I've got an awful toothache!
Oh, that will come out all right.

THE FRESHMAN CO-EDS



Anticipation

G W U

He—Why did you tell your friends that I kissed you?

She—They all said you hadn't the nerve.

G W U

"I Wonder If You'll Miss Me," she sang in a cracked voice.

"Not if I can help it," said he, reaching for a brick.

G W U

"I've got that down Pat," said Mrs. Flanigan, as she gave her son a dose of castor oil.—*Chaparral.*



Realization

G W U

Soph—Lend me five, old man, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you.

Frosh—Yes; that's what I'm afraid of.

G W U

Lady—Give me a room and a bath, please.

Hotel Clerk—I can give you the room, but you will have to take the bath yourself.

G W U

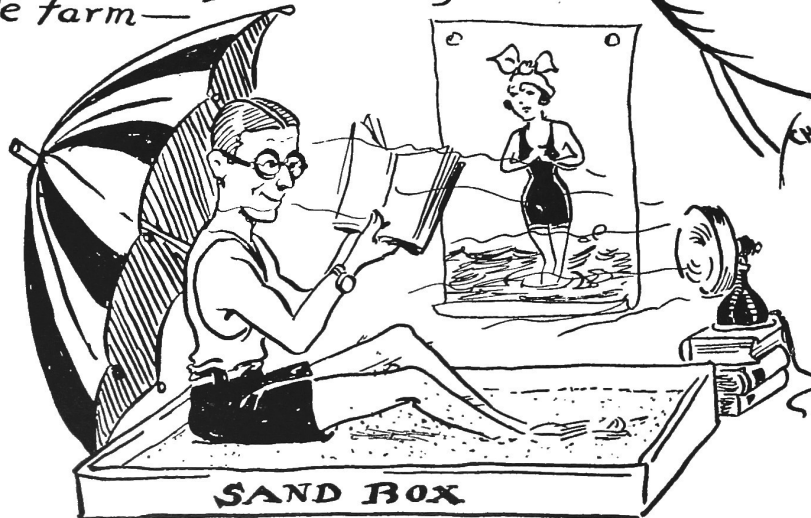
"Why does Tennyson compare his life with a game of chess?"

"Probably spent most of it chasing the other fellow's queen."—*Orange Peel.*

Back to the after Summer



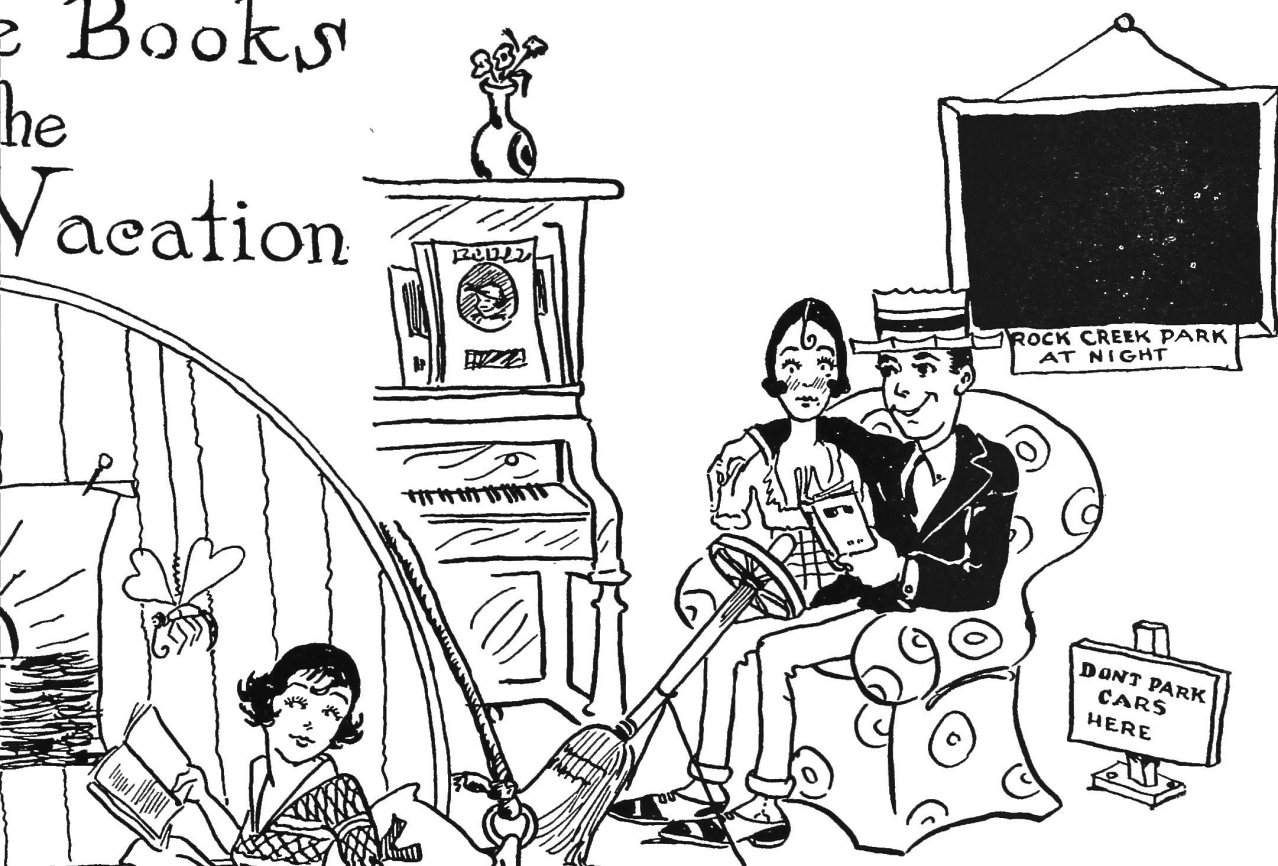
*The young law student
will get his stride better if not
broken away to suddenly from the
ole farm—*



*Here is a good place
coed back from the
dummy cakeeater
hung from the cell
desired effect and
ease the past va*

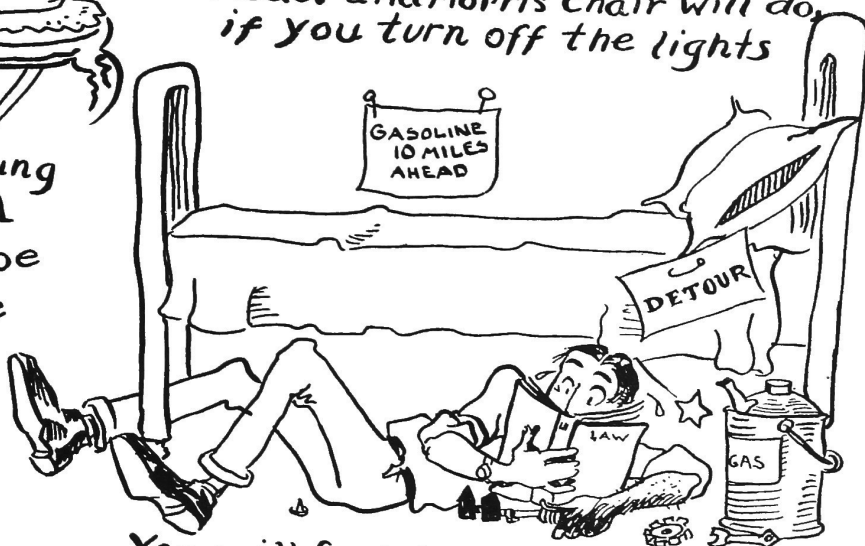
*The beach vacationer will be happier
if allowed to study like this.*

e Books he Vacation

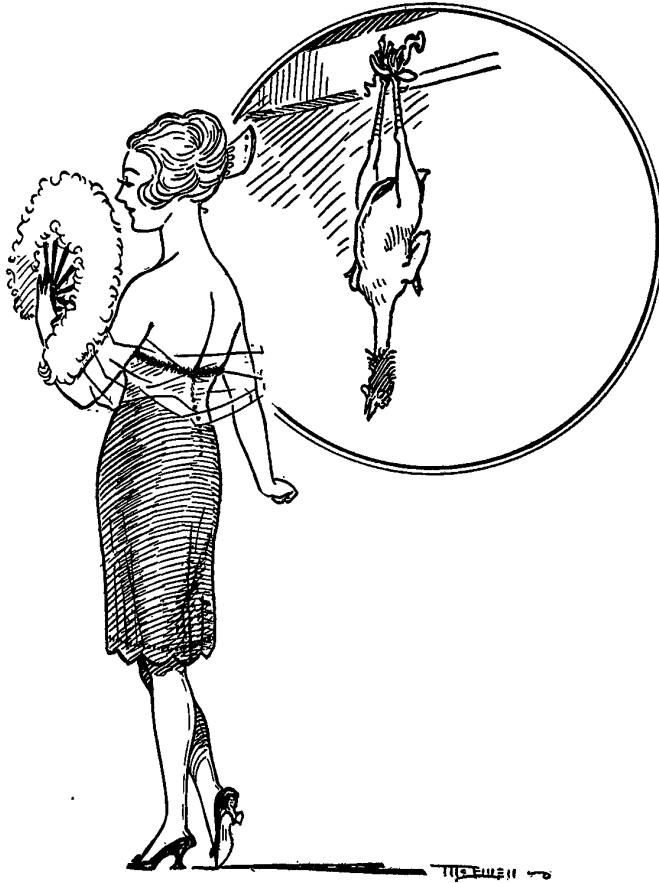


Our local vacationer can easily fix the parlor up to look like Rock Creek Park. A Model and Morris chair will do, if you turn off the lights

m for the young
lake resort. A
ixed in a canoe
g will give the
l will quickly
cation strain



You will find this a very effective way to study after your country tour.



DRESSED CHICKEN

G W U

"Margaret is sore because I kissed her last night."

"Well, why don't you fix it up by telling her you're sorry?"

"Good-night, man! If she even thought that, she wouldn't speak to me again."

G W U

The little boy was playing on the roof when both feet slipped and he started down. He turned his face up and started praying, "Oh, Lord, save me, save me." Suddenly he stopped. A look of happiness came over his face. "Never mind, God," he said, "I caught on a nail."

THE CO-EDS

By GEORGE COTTAR

I've made the rounds of the parties,
I've danced 'til the hours grew small;
I've looked the Co-eds all over—
There are four for whom I might fall.
One is a blond-headed siren,
And one claims an iceberg to be;
And one seems to shine as a girl with a line
But the fourth one eliminates three.

The blond-headed siren's a knockout,
She's happy-go-lucky and gay;
Her lips seem to be just a-beckoning me,
But her eyes seem to say, stay away.
She's straight and as slim as a princess,
And there's nothing to knock on her style;
But I've got a hunch that she kids the whole
bunch—
So I'll do without her for awhile.

The iceberg's a tall, black-haired beauty,
Her dancing is simply divine;
She looks like a queen in a green limousine,
There are dozens who kneel at her shrine.
But she has nothing up from the shoulders
Excepting her million buck smile,
And she's fond of herself, so she's on the shelf,
and
I'll do without her for awhile.

The girl with a line works a system
By talking of nothing but you.
She thinks that your dancing is perfect,
And "Oh, you're so good-looking, too."
She shimmies like Jimmie St. Vitus.
She really should live on the Nile;
But she works so darn fast that I know she can't
last—
So I'll do without her for awhile.

The fourth one is one in a million;
She never wears dresses too short,
Her manner's serene, like a regular queen,
And yet she's a jolly good sport.
She's gay, fascinating and witty,
She's perfect where others have missed.
Oh, I could write reams on the girl of my
dreams—
For, Damnit, she doesn't exist.

"Goldstein is suing his wife for a divorce."

"You don't say so? On what grounds?"

"Why, she went into the second-hand clothing business and put an ad in the paper which read: 'Mrs. Goldstein has cast off clothing of every description and invites an early inspection.'"

G W U

"What is your daughter taking in college this year?"

"Anyone she can get."

G W U

Sign Painter—Who ordered this "Standing Room Only" sign?

Clerk—A landlady. She wants it by Saturday night so she can hang it outside the bathroom door.

G W U



Homecomer—Where can I put this suitcase?

Pledge—Sorry, old man, but the icebox is full.



When I was a South Sea cannibal

And you were a Malay Queen

And all the men of the Isle

Tried in vain to beguile

You with clubs and with knives, sharp and keen;

But I, only armed with a Shakespeare,

Whispered verses of love in your ear.

So I wooed you and won you beneath the hot sun,

Thus we lived and we loved for a year!

But day after day you grew sweeter,

I fed you 'till fatter you grew,

And then without reasoning I put in some seasoning

And made a most dee-licious stew!

Now, this little tale has its moral—

Whatever you do, don't get fat!

Right now you are sweet enough for me to eat,

And I really don't think you'd like that!

Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No.

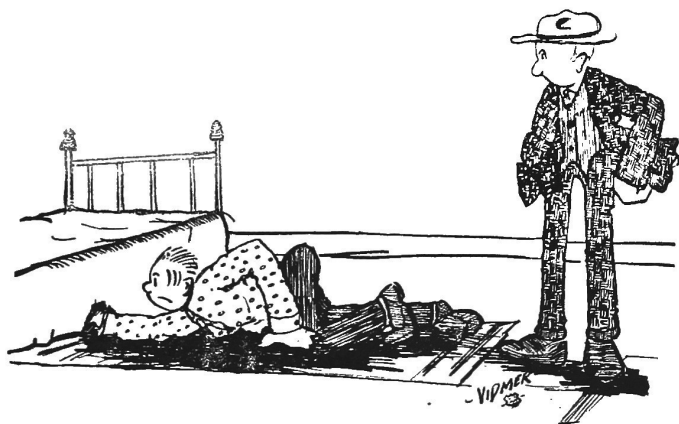
You're starting today for a shave,
 Alone on the highway of life.
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations
 Each shop with tonics is rife.
 There's danger wherever you go;
 But if you are tempted in weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The barber's sweet smirk may allure you,
 Beware of his cunning and art.
 Whenever you see him approaching
 Be guarded and haste to depart.
 The tonsorial shops are inviting,
 "Be it massage, or tonic," he asks low,
 "Or singe, or shampoo, or perfume?"
 Have courage my boy, to say NO.

G W U

Voice From Downstairs—Ooh, mamma!
 Fond-hearted Mother—Yes, my dear; what
 is it?
 V. F. D.—Ooh, mamma, come quick; baby's
 eating all the raisins off the sticky paper.

G W U



Lost something?
 No; I'm saying my prayers.



He—You have no idea how much I love you.
 She—I'm willing to learn.

G W U

"I met a man on the street yesterday and he
 took me for General Pershing."

"That's nothing, a man took me for something
 higher last week."

"Did he take you for Coolidge?"

"No, up higher."

"For the President himself?"

"No; he tapped me very kindly on the shoul-
 der and said, 'Mein Gott! is it you?'"

Oh!

They were riding along the quiet country road in the old family buggy. The moon was shining. It was wonderful. The buggy stopped. He turned to her and said, "Honey, were you ever bad?"

"No!" she replied haughtily.

"Giddap there, Dobbin."

They rode along the same quiet country road in the same old family buggy. The same moon was shining. It was still wonderful. The buggy stopped. He turned to her and said, "Dearest, weren't you ever, ever bad?"

"Nnnnno," she said faintly.

"Giddap there, Dobbin."

The moon was still shining. It was more wonderful than ever. A gentle breeze stirred the treetops. The old family buggy moved onward. It stopped. Turning to her again he whispered, "Sweetheart, haven't you ever been naughty in your whole life?"

"Uh huh," she sighed, "once; I-I-I knitted on Sunday."

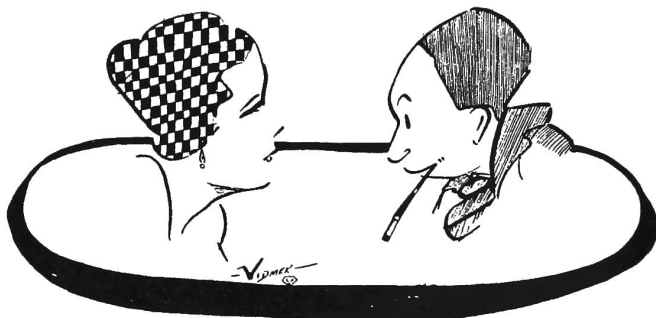
"Giddap there, Dobbin."



Frosh—Why is it you like these studies in the nude?

Art Stude—Oh! I guess it was just because I was born that way.

G W U



She—Mother says I can't have the car any more.

He—Why is that?

She—I forgot to clean the hairpins off the back seat.

G W U

Her Mother—Helen, pull down your skirt.

Helen—Why, mother, I'm not a bit cold.

G W U

Daughter—Father, you shouldn't have kicked Tom last night. I know you hurt his feelings.

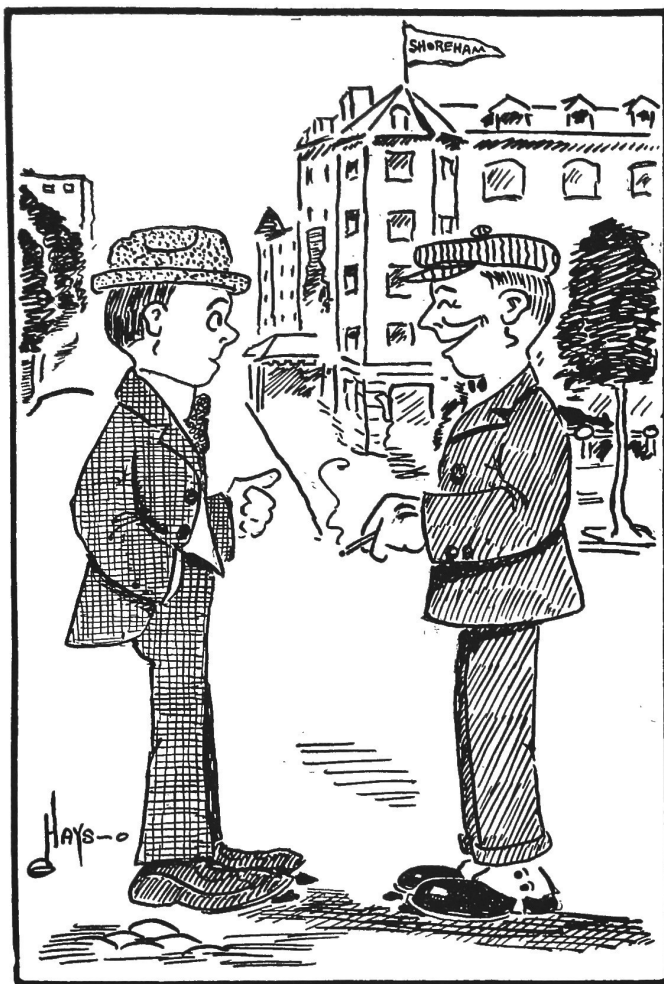
Father—Huh; that wasn't where I kicked him.

G W U

He—What do you call that part of your skirt under the lace?

She—Oh, that's a slip.

He (blushing)—Oh, I beg your pardon.



"Are you stopping at this hotel?"

"Shore am!"

G W U

A Farmacy Farce

Two frivolous flappers fluttered into a farmacy and flippantly flopped into seats by the fountain.

"A couple of cokes," one of them cooed.

As they slowly sipped the soothing syrup she murmured: "Ain't Bill's mustache the cutest thing?"

"You bet! An' that ain't all!"

Ed—Love is like a roll of film!

Co-ed—I don't see why.

Ed—Both should be developed in a dark room.

G W U

Prof.—Will some one name the Tudors for me?

Bright Stude—Front door and back door.

G W U

One
Of the
Local
Newspapers
Has declared
That
A certain
Dancer
Had her
Feet
Insured for
Fifty Thousand
Dollars.
We wonder why,
For dancers
Don't
Use their
Feet
Any more.

G W U

Headline:

**LODGE CELEBRATES
110TH BIRTHDAY**

Well, well! Congratulations, Senator.

G W U

She—I'm sorry I ever married you.

He—You ought to be. You cheated some nice girl out of a good husband.

HELPFUL HINTS TO CONTRIBS

Borrow a dollar.

Spend it for postage stamps.

Don't begin to write until you feel it is absolutely necessary. The attack is heralded by an empty feeling in the stomach, ditto as regards the head.

Then write down just enough words to relieve your mental state.

Reread your manuscript and erase every second word.

Carefully erase the remaining words.

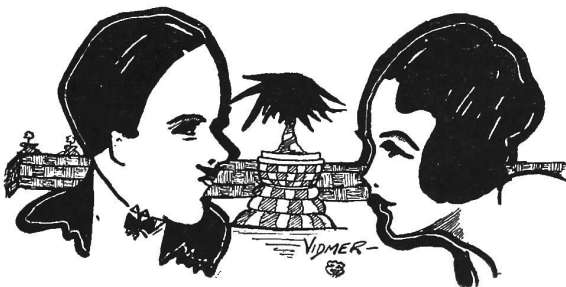
Sell the stamps, buy a square meal, and repeat the performance.

G W U

They stood beside the elm tree
And heard the singing lark;
And he, to bind their friendship,
Cut "Mabel" on the bark.

And when to town they both did come
They did perchance to meet,
The self-same girl, with feeling none,
Cut "Willie" on the street.

G W U



He—Bill's a good mathematician.

She—Yes; but even he is fooled by women's figures.



PAIR-O-DICE LOST

G W U

Say It With Flowers!

Wise William S—

Said 'twas needless excess

To paint the lily.

BUT

I know a dame

Who blushes with shame—

She paints an American Beauty.

QUIGLEY'S

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ZLOTNICK

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Senior—Did you see Prof. Spoof today?

Frosh (truthfully)—Yessir!

Senior—What did he say?

Frosh—Oh, I saw him first!

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